

Not All Tales Have Happy Endings (But This One Does)

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by [Tinymafuyuki](#)

Summary

The boy was taller than her, not surprising though, as she was one of the shortest kids in her class. Still, he looked taller and even more... mature? She knew he wasn't like the boys in her class who had messed with her today. She knew he was different. He just stood politely next to her without a word. He was very different.

Notes

Hello newcomers and anyone who actually keeps up with what I post?

This is a new multific that I am starting and believe it or not I will be finishing this one even if it will take a while. I have this one nicely planned out and stuff so I just need to write it all.

I hope you all enjoy this angsty mess that I've been working on for months.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Act 1, Scene 1 - The Playground

Today on the tv there was a broadcast with Tomoyo's favorite idol.

She had been told by the boys and girls in her class that she was weird for liking the idol. He was a guy after all, and there were so many girl idols she could look at instead of boy idols.

"Only boys like Daiki," they said.

Tomoyo was not a boy. She was a girl. One who liked Daiki. She didn't get why certain idols were "girl" or "boy" idols.

To Tomoyo, idols were idols. They brought hope to their fans and smiled even while tired. They made the impossible possible on that shining stage that she could only see through the tv screen. Idols didn't care who they brought happiness to, they just cared that people saw them.

She didn't understand.

Her hair was so lovely this morning. While her little sister babbled on about what she was going to do that day, Tomoyo's mother carefully assisted her in fixing up her hair. Today's style was just like Daiki's, though longer because of Tomoyo's long brown hair.

When she saw it in the mirror, an elated grin found its way onto her face. She was just like her favorite idol. Perhaps the boys at school would see her hair and understand that she was like them and just really loved Daiki.

They didn't. They really didn't.

By the time school let out, her hair was full of dirt and pulled out of its style despite the pins that were desperately clinging to her hair.

She had dealt with words and the others saying mean stuff about her but when she saw herself in a pond while walking home she couldn't stop the tears from flowing down her face. It was ruined. Her hair was ruined. Her clothes were ruined. Everything was just ruined.

Remembering how long she took to make it perfect, begging her mama to adjust this and that, just made it hurt worse. Her mama would be so mad at her.

Tomoyo swallowed and wiped what tears she could and looked around. She needed to fix herself before she went home and ruined her mama's day.

Eventually, she found herself seated on a bench at the park not too far from her house. Tomoyo delicately pulled the pins left in her hair, noting that a few of them have gone missing. She set them to the side as she took down what she could of her hair and shook out the dirt. If she at least got the dirt out, then her mama wouldn't know what happened.

Her dress was a mess, but at least she was okay. It would all be okay, but she wasn't ready to go home yet. If she went home, she would throw herself into her mother's arms and cry. She didn't want that, but what could she do to pass the time until she wanted to go home?

That's it! Tomoyo would make a flower crown! If she made a flower crown, she could tell her mama that she made it in class and that's why her hair came down!

Tomoyo was so smart! Practically a genius, if you asked her.

She carefully rounded up some dandelions and twigs, moving on to the playground equipment to get out of the sun. She even found a small, really pretty pink flower. She remembers seeing them growing up near a house close by and had always wanted one. Luckily for her, she found one in the park!

She started with the dandelions and then the small twigs she found and then the flower to make it nice and pretty! How lucky she was!

She placed it on her head and gathered the rest of her stuff. It was time for Tomoyo to head home, as it was getting late. Her mama would worry if she was out any longer.

Getting down mostly was easy, but when Tomoyo missed a spot climbing down, the flower crown on her head fell to the ground. She takes a deep breath in and out before continuing to climb down. One foot had touched the ground when she tried to pull away, but that just caused her foot to get caught in roping and making her land face-first on the ground.

Realizing that she had just landed on top of the crown she had worked so hard to make, she stumbled to get up, but it was too late. The crown was ruined.

Warmth pooled near her eyes as she took deep breaths. It was going to be okay. But when the first tear slid down her cheek, she couldn't help but cry. She ruined the crown just like everything else.

Tomoyo could hear shuffling noise nearby but she couldn't stop her tears long enough to clear her face and be able to see.

A hand carefully nuzzled its way into her hair, patting and rubbing her head. A soft cloth touched her nose, so she blew. This person was helping.

She took her time to calm down and held the cloth in her hand as the other wiped the tears from her eyes. She glanced at the person standing next to her. His eyes met hers and the boy gave a soft smile, nodding. She gave a weary smile back.

"Thank you," she said. The boy gave a small nod again and opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, but shortly after, he shut it and just smiled, then looked away. Tomoyo didn't ask. Instead, she carefully observed the boy.

The boy was taller than her, not surprising though, as she was one of the shortest kids in her class. Still, he looked taller and even more... mature? She knew he wasn't like the boys in her

class who had messed with her today. She knew he was different. He just stood politely next to Tomoyo without a word. He was very different.

The boy had his head to her again, a small blush dusting his cheeks, his blue eyes meeting hers once again.

"Y-you know. It's sad that the crown is ruined. I think you would've been pretty. You already are, so the crown would make you look like...like a princess!" After saying that, the boy harshly shut his mouth and looked away, flaming red this time. Tomoyo giggled and thanked him quietly.

The two then silently stood next to each other silently. They heard a voice in the distance. The boy next to Tomoyo looked around, looking a bit annoyed.

Still, he took a step away from her, causing her to reach out and grab him before he could leave. The boy looked back at her with shock and tilted his head.

"You... your thing..."

The boy regained his smile and said, "Keep it for me." Tomoyo just let go of the boy's hand and smiled back.

"M-my name is Mashiro Tomoyo."

"And my name is-"

"Hocchan! Come to papa and mama! It's time for dinner!" The interruption caused the boy to get annoyed again and shake his head. Before Tomoyo could process anything, the boy waved goodbye and took off towards the voice.

She stood there looking after him.

"Hocchan...?"

Later that night, when Tomoyo reached home, her little sister clung to her, babbling about how she was late and other stuff Tomoyo couldn't understand. Her mother checked her over before leading her and her sister over to the table. Joined by their father a short time later, the family had a nice dinner.

While Tomoyo laid in bed, she thought of how nice the boy was to her.

Hopefully, she could give "Hocchan" back his handkerchief.

Act 1, Scene 2 - Second Meeting

Chapter Summary

"You might have fallen, but I don't think that that makes you less of a princess. If you are average as a person, then it would just make you an even better princess!"

Chapter Notes

So, hi! Chapter two. I swear each time I work on this story I cry. They just mean so much to me. also AHHHHHHHHH IM BAD AT WRITING CHILDREN. I PROMISE ILL WRITE MUCH BETTER WHEN THEY ARE IN YUMENOSAKI.

Also once this is done I am considering writing a Hokuto perspective of certain scenes since Ive made him a bit ooc as well as tomoya.

Anyways! I hope you enjoy it and remember to leave comments! They make me super happy :)

The rest of the week was not any better than the beginning. It was probably worse than the beginning. The classes were fine. That wasn't what distressed her.

It was the fact that as she was walking home, one boy in her class said she was weird and pushed her down when she was walking back, leaving yet another dress dirty and ruined.

It was the fact that the day after that, Tomoyo had been left out of the play.

It was the fact that after that she was last picked during the partner activities. It was that all her friends left to play with others without even saying goodbye. One by one they disappear to places she could never reach, too far out of her grasp. Even after the teachers tried their best, she was just ignored by the other students, no matter how she tried to appease them.

One week turned into two and eventually, a month passed of the cold treatment from people at school.

She meant nothing outside of the family she was born to. If she hadn't done what she did, if she hadn't felt the way she felt, then perhaps she would be less lonely. But Tomoyo was different. She was weird. It's just better to pretend that Tomoyo didn't exist.

Even the teachers seemed to have a hard time remembering she was there while dealing with the others. She was tired. She was tired from all the long days of hoping that one of them would ask her to play. If she was alright. Just anything. To just acknowledge that she was there.

As she walked home, she took the alternative route she had found, hoping to give herself a bit of time to feel better before she went home to her family. It was hard for her to leave their loving embrace, to only be met with loneliness once again.

She had initially just passed the park without a thought, but the sight of familiar dark hair made her pause and walk backward. That boy!

There, sitting on the steps of the playground, was the boy that she had met earlier in the month. He had a distant look in his eyes and a small pout on his lips as he stared off into the distance, not having noticed her yet.

Tomoyo hurried to his side and gently tapped on his shoulder. The boy startled from his daze and glanced up at her with confusion that was quickly painted over with happiness.

"Hime-sama!"

Eh?

The boy or "Hocchan" gave her a small, soft smile while fidgeting with his hands. "Hime-sama, you finally came back. I thought you disappeared. I was waiting for you to come back!"

Tomoyo was still processing the nickname she had received and the fact he was looking for her when he grabbed a flower from behind him and placed it behind her ear.

"Wha..." Tomoyo slowly reached up to her ear and felt the petals of the flower. "Um... Thank you..."

He gave her a grin. "I'm happy you like it, though it is only a small part of my gift."

Tomoyo stared at "Hocchan" with confusion. "A gift? Why would you give me a gift?"

"Well," "Hocchan" paused, "You seemed so sad that day that I felt bad too. My father says that the best way to make someone feel better is to get them gifts so that they are happy."

This brought a small giggle out of Tomoyo. "Hocchan" had not only remembered that she existed, but he had even given her a gift to make her happy. "Thank you then. I'm really happy,"

"Hocchan" stared at her for a moment before joining her in smiling. "Princesses deserve to be happy after all."

Tomoyo turned slightly red at the comment. "I-I am not a princess, you know... I am just someone average."

"You are a princess to me!" "Hocchan" shook his head with stern eyes, "You might have fallen, but I don't think that that makes you less of a princess. If you are average as a person, then it would just make you an even better princess!" By the end of his small rant, his hands had found Tomoyo's, gently wrapping them in his own and pulling her closer to him.

Tomoyo just froze.

To think of her like this... To put so much meaning in her.

"Prince..." she mumbled. "You must be a prince..." The boy thought and then regained his smile.

"A prince and a princess!"

With the two of them together, time passed by fast. The bright sun soon fell behind the trees and buildings, turning the sky a wonderful mixture of colors. The two children sat together on the bench, making small chatter between the two of them as they watched the sky slowly get darker and darker. Both knew that soon the time they would need to part would come soon.

"Hocchan" or Hokuto gave a small chuckle at the horrible joke Tomoyo made before yawning. Tomoyo noticed and couldn't stop a yawn from coming out before snorting.

"Say. Hokuto-kun? Why do you call me Hime-sama? My name is Tomoyo, you know..." Immediately, Hokuto's cheeks flushed a bright pink.

"I was telling my grandmother about you and I... I forgot your name. I couldn't remember it, so I called you Hime-sama because you felt like a princess to me." He huffed, "My grandmother only calls you Hime-sama now. Even when I remembered your name,"

Tomoyo laughed again and patted the pouting Hokuto on the head. "It's fine. It doesn't matter all that much to me. Actually, I like it, Hokuto-kun." Hokuto let her pat him a bit more before moving away.

"I'll never forget your name again"

Suddenly another voice joined the conversation, "Are you sure of that, little one?"

Hokuto shot up from his spot. "Grandmother!"

Tomoyo continued to sit as she watched the friend she had made gleefully talked to his grandmother. Both of them had soft eyes and gentle smiles while talking to each other.

His grandmother reached into her pocket and pulled out a small jar. She picked a few of the contents out and placed them in Hokuto's hands. She then repeated the process before

approaching Tomoyo with a smile on her face.

"Here you go, Hime-sama," placing what seemed to be konpeito into Tomoyo's hands. "It is a sweet treat for keeping my grandson occupied this afternoon."

Tomoyo glanced down at the candy in her hand before looking up at the woman. She was sweet. Much like her grandson.

"Thank you. He is very nice to me." Tomoyo glanced at the boy before turning away. Hokuto's grandmother took notice and shook her head, then she turned to Hokuto and nodded. The boy ran up to Tomoyo and placed something on her head.

She reached up and felt the soft petals and leaves. "A... A flower crown?"

"Hokuto-kun asked me to teach him how to make a flower crown for you, Hime-sama. He practiced and nearly used up all the flowers in my garden, but he eventually got it." The said boy turned bright red and hid his face in his grandmother's large coat. Tomoyo teared up and quietly thanked the boy.

"Now, now Hokuto-kun, say goodbye to Hime-sama. We have to go home soon." The boy sighed and bid his goodbyes to Tomoyo.

Tomoyo stared after them before remembering what she had wished she would say to Hokuto-kun before he left.

"Hokuto-kun!" she called. Reminiscent of the first time they met. Hokuto turned around, still holding his grandmother's hand. "Hokuto-kun! Can we... Can we play again? I want to be your princess again."

The boy laughed. "Of course, Hime-sama. I am at your service."

Here she was, walking home again alone. This time she held tightly the crown they gave her in her hands as she walked through the door to her house with a smile.

End Notes

Thank you for reading. I would appreciate if you subscribed to the story and left a comment!
Comments make me happy.

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